

The Scourge of Basenesse.

O R

The old Gerry with a new Kicksey, and a
new cum twang with the old Winsye.

VVherein John Taylor hath curried or clapperclawed, neere a thousand of his bad Debtors, who will not pay him vpon his Returnes from Scotland, Germany, Bohemia, the voyages of the paper boate, and his Nauigations to Turke and Salfury with Oares.

My Debtors like seauen Eeles with slipry tailes,
One sort I catch, sixe slips away and failes.



London, Printed by N.O. for Mathew Walbanke,
dwelling in Graves Inn.



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TO THE MIRR
OR OF GOOD FEL
LOWSHIP, THE P A T.
terne of true Friendship,
*and the onely nonparallel of iouiall En-
tertainment; Mr. Andrew Hilton, at the
signe of the horsbooe, at Daintree; I. Taylor
wisheth dayly increase of good Guests, true
payment, hearts content in this life, and afterward
as much happiness as his soule can desire.*

Kind Sir, I haue seene oftentimes men offering to snuffe a candle, haue against their wills put it cleane out; and an vnskilfull Chi-

The Epistle

rurgian taking a small greene
wound in hand, hath brought it to
an old Ulcer. I would be loath, for
my part, to imitate either of these
examples ; for my intent is, confes-
sion of the wrong I did you : and
an endeauour to make amends. I
doe confess that I did you wrong
in print, in my booke of my Tra-
uels to Scotland, and now in print,
I doe make you a publike satisfa-
ction ; For, I protest to God, that I
haue heard so much good report of
you, that I am double sorry that I
was so mistaken, and that I haue
beene

Dedicatory.

beene so long time before I haue
printed my recantatiō. It was your
Tapsters want of wit and manners,
and my want of discretion , that
wasthe grounds of my too much
credulity and temerity. For his part
I wish him no more harme , but
that chalke may bee his best pay-
ments , Thunder may fowre his
Hogsheads , Rats gnaw out his
spigots at midnight , and himselfe
to commit his witte to the keeping
of a foole or a knaue while he liues;
And your hostlers, for gaping so
greedily like gudgeons vpon mee,

A 3 { I pray

The Epistle

I pray that they may euery day
mourne in litter and horse-dung.
But these are but Iestes by the way,
for as many as knowes you , haue
told mee that if you had beene at
home, my entertainment had been
better: if it had beene so, it had bin
more then you owed me, and more
then I at that time could haue re-
quired : but I would haue stretched
my wit vpon the tenters of Inuen-
tion, in the praise of Innes and In-
keepers ; I would haue put the for-
getfull world in minde of the
good seruice that *Rahab* the Inne-
keeper

Dedicatory.

keeper did at *Iericho*, in hiding and preseruing the spyes that were sent by *Caleb* and *Joshua*; I would haue made the obliuious logger-headed Age remember, that the Redeemer of the world did grace an Inne with his blessed birth: What place then but an Inne was the High Court of Heauen and Earth, the residence & lodging of the immortall King, of neuer-ending eternity? This and more I would haue done, but what is past cannot be recalled, and it is too late to put olde omittings to new committings. And so my noble

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ble and thrice worthy hoste of
hostes, I omit not to commit you
and yours to the protection of him
that made you, desiring you to take
this merry Pamphlet in good part,
or in earnest of my better amends,
and as a qualifer of your Iust an-
ger.

*yours in the best of his
endeauours to be commanded,*

JOHN TAYLOR.

SUSPENSE

To the Reader.

MY bearty condemnations, I send forth,
Vnto a crew of Rascals, nothing worth,
(Yet in some sort I wrong their high reputes
Some of them are worth hanging for their sutes)
Such as (to pay debts) haue the meanes, not mindes,
Whose words, and bonds, are constant as the windes,
Such as thinke satisfacion is a finne,
And he most vertuous that's in debt most in,
Such for whose fakes, (to my apparent losse)
To Germany, I twicke the Seas did crosse,
To Scotland all on foot, and backe from thence,
Not any Coyne about me for expence,
And with a Rotten weake Browne paper Boate,
To Quinborough, from London I did floate:
Next to Bohemia, o're the raging maine,
And troublous lands, I went, and came againe.
Next with a Whetry, I to Yorke did Ferry,
Which I did finde a voyage very merry.
And lastly, late I made a desperate Iaunte,
From Famous London, (sometimes Troynouante)

To

To the Reader.

To Salisbury, through many a bitter blast,
I, Rockes, and Sands, and foaming Billowes past.
That in ten thousand monthes, the City round,
The lying, flying, newes was, I was drown'd:
But I may see them hang'd before that day,
Who are my Debtors, can, and will not pay:
These toylesome passages I undertooke,
And gaue out Coyne, and many a hundred Booke,
Which these base Mungrels tooke, and promist me
To give me fife for one, some fourre, some three:
But now these Howndes, no other pay affords,
Then shifting, scornefull lookes, and scuruy words;
And sure I thinke, if I shalld harrow Hell,
Where Duuels, and cursed Reprobates do dwell,
I might finde many there, that are their betters,
And haue more conscience, then my wicked debtors.
Thus to my seauen-fold troope of friends and foes,
My thankes, and angry Musc, thus onward goes.

The



The VVhy and the VVherefore.



Hauē published this
Pamphlet, to let my
rich debtors understand,
that as often as
I meeet them, I doe
ooke that they shoule
pay mee: and although I am shamefaste
in not asking my due, yet I would not
bauethem shamelesse in detaining it from
me,



The Why and

me, because the summes are but small, and
very easie for them (in generall) to pay,
and would do me a particular good to re-
ceiue.

Secondly, I haue sent this into the world,
to informe some, that through their want
doe shun and auoid my sight and company,
that they are much deceipted in my disposi-
tion: for I euer did esteeme an honest heart
and a willing minde, as well as their per-
formances.

Thirdly, there are some great men, who
by reason of their extraordinary employ-
ments, my small acquaintance, and lesse
meanes of accessse unto them, with my
want

The Wherfoe.

want of impudencie, and their mens want
of courtesie to informe them ; all these are
lets, and demurres, against my satisfaction

Lastly, the daily abuses that I haue con-
cerning the booke of my Trauels, wherein
I am accused for lies, and falsifications ;
but I doe and euer will stedfastlie stand to
the truth of euery title of it, except the ab-
use that I did to Maister Hilton at
Daintree, & that was not done on known
malice neither, but on blinde ignorant in-
formation : and there is a second Edition
of my bookes of Trauels comming foorth,
wherein I will Satyrize, Cauterize, and
Stigmatize all the whole kennell of curres
that

The Why and the Wherfore.

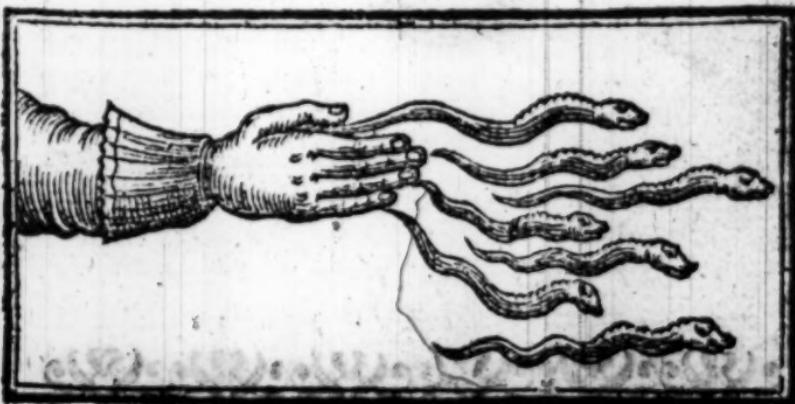
that dares maliciouslie snarle against manifest, apparant, and well knowne truths. In the meane space, you that are my debtors, if you please to pay me, you shall therin put your selues out of a bad number amongst which you yet are placed : if you will not pay me, take this bone to gnaw vpon, That I doe hope to be euer better furnished with mony; then you shall be with honestie.

I. T.

5

A Table of the generall heads, *containing seauen parts.*

- 1 THose that haue paid.
- 2 Those that would pay if they could.
- 3 Those that walke inuisible, and are not to be found.
- 4 Those that say they will pay, who knowes when.
- 5 Those that are dead.
- 6 Those that are fled.
- 7 Those Rorers that can pay, and wil not.



The 6

Those that To euer meane to pay,
Nothing at all this booke doth say :
To such my Satyre talketh still,
As haue not paid, nor euer will.



A Kicksey Winsey,
OR
A Lerry Come-Twang:

Wherein *John Taylor* hath Satyrically
suted 750. of his bad debtors, that
will not pay him for his returne
of his tourney from Scotland.

1. *My thankes to those that have paid.*

 Ou Worthy Worthyes , of that li-
berall Tribe,
Who freely gaue your words, or
did subscribe:
And were not itch'd with the yaine-
glorious worme,

B To



A Kicksey Winsey:

To write and lie, but promise and performe,
Black Swans of Brittaine, I protest you are,
And seeme (to me) each one a Blazing Starre;
For this inconstant Age so few affoords
Of men, whose deeds do counterpoise their words,
That finding one, me thinkes I see a wonder,
More then Decembers Fruit, or Winters Thunder,
Ingratitude, I hold a vice so vile,
That I could ne're endur't a breathing while,
And therefore, ere I le prooue a thanklesse Iade,
Time in his course shall runne quite retrograde;
Yea, euery thing shall hate his proper kind,
Before I le harbour an ingratefull mind:
And still I vow to quit you in some part,
With my best wishes, and a thankefull heart:
So much to you, my *Muse* hath sung, or said
Whose louing bounties hath the Sculler paid.

2. *Those that would pay if they could.*

And as for you that would pay, if you could,
I thank you, though you do not as you should
You

ESCELSIUS AETARIAE

or a Lerry Come-Twang.

You promis'd faire, and wrote as free as any,
But Time hath altered since, the case with many;
Your monyes, like low Tides, are eb'd too low,
And when 'tis lowest 'twill begin to flow.
To seek a breech from breechlesse men twere vaine,
And fruitlesse labouri' would requite my paine:
It were no Charity (as I suppose)
To bid one wipe his nose, that wants a nose;
And surē my Conscience would be, lesse then little,
T'enrich my selfe, by robbing of the Spittle:
No, honest friends (to end this vaine dispute)
Your barren states may spring, & bring forth fruite;
Your wills are good, and whilst I keepe your bills
In stead of palment I accept good wills;
On hope and expectation I will seede,
And take your good endeavours for the deede:
Praying that Crosses in your minds may cease,
And Crosses in your purses may increase.

B 2

3. Those

A Kicksey Wincsey:

3. Those that are hard for me to finde,
being found, were better lost.

ANother sort of debtors are behinde,
Some I know not, and some I cannot finde;
And some of them lies here and there, by spirits,
Shifting their lodgings oftner then their shirts.
Perchance I heare where one of these men lies,
And in the morning vp betimes I rise,
And finde in Shorditch where he lodg'd a night;
But he to Westminster hath tane his flight.
Some two dayes after thither doe I trot,
And finde his lodging, but yet finde him not,
For he the night before(as people tell)
Hath tane a chamber about Clarken-well.
Thither go I, and make a priuy search,
Whilst he's in Southwark, neer S. George his Church,
A pox vpon him, all this while thinke I,
Shall I ne're finde out where my youth doth lie?
And hauing sought him many a weary bout,
At last perhaps I finde his chamber out:

But

or a Lerry Come-Twang.

But then the Gentleman is fast in bed,
And rest hath seal'd vp on his running head ;
He hath tooke cold with going late by water,
Or sate vp late at Ace. Deuse, Trey, and Cater,
That with a Sinke of fistie peeces price,
He sleepes till noone before his Worship rise ;
At last he wakes ; his man informes him straight,
That I at dore doe on his pleasure waite ;
Perhaps I am requested to come neere
And drinke a cup of either ale or beere,
Whilst sucking English fire, and Indian vapor,
At last I greete him with my bill of paper :
Well John (quoth he) this hand I know is mine,
But I this day doe purpose to goe dine
At the halfe Moone in Milke-street, prethee come,
And there we'le drinke, and pay this petty Summe,
I take my leave, he in his sleeve doth laugh
Whilst I beleene him (like John hold my staffe)
I in the Tauerne stay, and waite his pleasure,
And he to keep his word can finde no leasure.
Thus many a street by me recrost, and crost
I in and out, and to and fro, am tost.

B 3

And

A Kicksey Winsey:

And spend my time, and coyne to finde one out,
Which hauing found, rewards me with a flout.
In this base fashion, or such like as this,
To me their scuruy dayly dealing is :
As one's in's study, & others deep in talke,
Another's in his Garden gone to walke;
One's in the barbers suddes, and cannot see,
Till chin and chaps are made a Roman T :
And for his making thus a Gull of me,
I wish his cut may be the Græcian P.

II

These men can kiss their clawes, with *Jack* how is't
And take and shake me kindly by the fist,
And put me off with dilatory coggess,
And sweare and lye, worse then a sort of dogs,
Protesting they are glad I am return'd,
When they'd be gladder I were hang'd or burn'd.
Some of their pockets are oft stor'd with chinke,
Which they had rather waste on drabs, dice,drinke,
Then a small peity summe to me to pay,
Although I meete them every other day ;
For which to ease my mind to their disgrace,
I must (perforce) in Print proclaim them base ;

And

or a Lerrie Come-Twang..

And if they pay me not (vnto their shames)
I'le print their trads, their dwellings & their names,
That boyes shall hisse them as they walke along,
Whilst they shal stink, & do their breeches wrong:
Pay then, delay not, but with speede disburse,
Or if you will, try but who'le haue the worse.

*4. Those that will and doe dayly pay
me in drinke and smoake.*

AFourth crew I must drop from out my quill,
Are some that haue not paid, yet say they will:
And their remembrance giues my muddy mood,
More ioy then of those that will ne're be good.
These fellowes my sharpe *Muse* shall lash but soft,
Because I meeete them to their charges oft,
Where at the Tauerne (with free frollick hearts).
They welcome me with pottles, pints, and quarts;
And they (at times) will spend like honest men,
Twelue shillings, rather then pay fие or ten.
*These are Right Gentlemen, who beare a mind
To spend, and be as liberall as the wind:*

A Kicksey Winsey:

But yet their bounty (when they come to pay)
Is bountifull in nothing but delay.

These I do never seeke from place to place,
These make me not to runne the wildgoose chase;
These do from day to day not put me off,
And in the end reward me with a scoffe.
And for their kindnesse, let them take their leasure,
To pay or not pay, let them vse their pleasure.
Let them no worser then they are, still proue
Their powrs may chance out-do me, not their loue;
I meete them to my perill, and their cost,
And so in time there's little will be lost.
Yet the old prouerb I would haue them know,
The horse may statuc the whilst the grasse doth
(grow.

5. Those that are dead.

A fist sort (God be with them) they are dead,
And every one my quittance vnder's head:
To aske them coyne, I know they haue it not,
And where nought is, there's nothing to be got,
I'le never wrong them with inuetive lines,

Nor

or a Lerrie Come-Twang.

Nor trouble their good heires, or their as-signes,
And some of them, their liues losse to me were:
In a large measure of true sorrow deere;
As one braue Lawyer, whose true honest spirit
Doth with the blest celestiall soules inherit,
He whose graue wisedome gain'd preheminence,
To grace and fauour with his gracious Prince;
Adorn'd with learning, lou'd, approu'd, admir'de,
He, my true friend, too soon to dust retir'de.
Besides, a number of my worthy friends
(To my great losse) death brought vnto their ends.
Rest gentle spirits, rest, with Eternizing,
And may your corpes haue all a ioyfull rising:
There's many liuing, euery day I see,
Who are more dead then you in pay to me.

6. Those that are fled.

ASixt, with tonges glib, like the tayles of ecles,
Hath shew'd this land and me soule pairs of
To Ireland, Belgia, Germany, and France. (heele
They are retir'de to seeke some better chance.
T'was their vnhappy inauspicious Fate,

The

A Kicksey Winsey:

The Counters, or King Luds vnlucky Gate ;
Bonds being broke, the stones in every street,
They durst not tread on, lest they burnt their feete ;
Smoke by the pipe, and ginger by the race,
They lou'd with Ale, but neuer lou'd the Mace.
And these mens honesties are like their states,
At piteous, wofull, and at low priz'd rates ;
For partly they did know when they did take
My booke, they could no satisfaction make.
And honesty this document doth teach
That man shall neuer striue aboue his reach,
Yet haue they reacht, and ouerreacht me still,
To do themselues no good, and me much ill.
But farewell friends, if you againe doe come,
And pay me either all, or none, or some :
I looke for none, and therefore still delay me,
You onely doe deceiue me if you pay me.
Yet that deceit from you were but my due ;
But I looke ne're to be deceiu'd by you.
Your stockes are poore, your Creditors are store,
Which God increase, and decrease, I implore.

7. Those

or a Lerrie Come-Twang.

7. Those that are as farre from honestie as a
Turke is from true Religion.

Euenthly, and last's a worthy worthlesse crew,
Such as heau'n hates; & hell on earth doth spew,
And God renounce, & dam them, are their praiers,
Yet some of these sweete youths are good mens
But vp most tēderly they haue bin brought (heires :
And all their breeding better fed then taught :
And now their liues floate in damnations streame,
To stab, drab, kil, wil, tear, swear, stare, blasphemē :
In imitation worse then diuels apes,
Or Incubusles thrust in humane shapes :
As bladders full of others wind is blowne,
So selfe-conceit doth puffe them of their owne :
They deeeme their wit all other men surpasses,
And other men esteem them witleſſe asses. (ted:
These puckſoyſt cockbrain'd coxcoobs, shallow pa-
Are things that by their Taylors are created ;
For they before were ſimple ſhapeleſſe wormes,
Vntill their makers lick'd them into formes.
Tis ignorant Idolatry moſt base,

To

A Kicksey Winsey:

To worship Sattin Sathan, or gold lace;
To adore a veluet varlet, whose repute
Stinkes odious, but for his perfumed suite.
If one of these to serue some Lord doth get,
His first taske is, to sweare himselfe in debt:
And hauing pawn'd his soule to Hell for oathes,
He pawnes those othes for newfoud fashio clothes.
His carcasse cased in this borrowed case,
Imagines he doth me exceeding grace;
If when I meeete him, he bestowes a nod,
Then must I thinke me highly blest of God.
Perhaps (though for a Wood-cocke I repute him,) I vaile my bonnet to him, and salute him:
But sure my salutation is as euill,
As Infidels that do adore the Diuell.
For they do worship Sathan for no good,
Which they expect from his infernall mood,
But for they know he's author of all ill,
And o're them bath a power to spoyle and kill.
They therefore doe adore him in the durt,
Not hoping any good, but fearing hurt.
So I do seeme these mimmicks, to respect

Not,

er a Lerrie Come-Twang.

Not, that from them I any good expect ;
(For I from degs dung can extract pure honey,
As soone as from these widgeons get my money)
But I (in courtesie) to them haue borde,
Because they shall not say, I am growne proude ;
And sure if barneleffe true humillity,
May spring from money wanting povertie,
I haue of debtors such a stinking store,
Will make me humble, for they le keepe me poore.
And though no wiser then flat foolcs they be,
A good lucke on them thei're too wise for me ;
They with a courtly tricke, or a flim flam,
Do nod at me, whilst I the noddy am :
One part of Gentry they will ne're forget,
And that is ,that they ne're will pay their debt.
To take, and to receiue ,they hold it fit,
But to requite, or to restore's no wit.
Then let them take and keepe, but knocks, and pox,
And all diseases from Pandora's box.
And which of them sayes that I rauie or raile,
Let him but pay, and bid me kisse his T.
But sure the Diuell hath taught them many a trick,
Beyond

A Kicksey Winsey:

Beyond the numbring of Arithmetick.
I meete one, thinking for my due to speake,
He with euasions doth my purpose breake,
And askes what news I heare from *France* or *Spain*,
Or where I was in the last shower of raine ;
Or when the Court remoues, or what's a clock,
Or wher's the wind (or soone such windy mock)
With such fine scimble, sceimble, spitter, spatter,
As puts me cleane besides the mony-matter.
Thus with poore mungrell shiffts, with what, where,
I am abused by these things, like me. (when,
And some of them doe glory in my want,
They being Romists, I a Protestant :
Their Apostaticall iniunctions faith,
To keepe their faith with me, is breach of faith :
For 'tis a Maxim of such Catholicks,
Tis Meritorious to plague Hereticks ;
Since it is so, pray pay me but my due,
And I will loue the Croffe as well as you.
And this much further I would haue you know,
My shame is more to aske, then yours to owe :
I begge of no man, 'tis my owne I craue,

Nor

or a Lerrie Come-Twang.

Nor do I seeke it but of them that haue :
There's no man was inforc'd against his will,
To giue his word, or signe vnto my bill.
And is't not shame,nay more then shame to heare,
That I should be return'd aboue a yea're,
And many Rich-mens words, and bils haue past,
And tooke of me both booke's, both fist and last,
Whilst twice or thrice a weeke,in every streeete,
I meete' those men, and not my mony meete.
Were they not able me amends to make,
My conscience then,would sooner give then take ;
But most of those I meane,are full purs'd Hindes,
Being beggerly in nothing but their mindes :
Yet sure me thinkes, if they would do me right,
Their mindes should be as free to pay,as write.
Neer threescore pounds,the books I'm sure did cost
Which they haue had from me, and I thinke left :
And had not these mens tongues so forward bin,
Ere I my painfull iourney did beginne,
I could haue had good men in meaner Rayment,
That long ere this,had made me better payment :
I made my iourney for no other ends,

But

A Kicksey Winsey:

But to get money, and to try my friends:
And not a friend I had, for worth, or wit
Did take my booke, or past his word, or writ:
But I (with thankfulness) still vnderstood
They tooke, in hope to giue, and do me good.
They took a book worth 13. pence, & were bound
To give a Crowne, an Angell, or a pound.
A Noble peece, or halfe peece, what they list,
They past their words, or freely set their fist.
Thus got I sixteene hundred hands and fifty,
Which summe I did suppose was somewhat thrifty
And now my youths, with shifts, & tricks, & cauls,
Aboue seauen hundred, playes the sharking Iauls.
I haue performed what I vndertooke,
And that they should keepe touch with me I looke:
Foure thousand, and fiuе hundred bookes I gaue
To many a honest man, and many a knauc;
Which bookes, and my expence to giue them out,
(A long yeere seeking this confused rout)
I'm sure it cost me sevencore pounds and more,
With some suspition that I went on score.
Besides aboue a thousand miles I went,

And

or a Lerrie Come-Twangs.

And (though no mony) yet much time I spent ;
Taking excessive labour, and great paines,
In heat, cold, wet, and dry, with feete and braines :
With tedious toyle, making my heart-strings ake,
In hope I should content, both glie and take,
And in requitall now, for all my paine,
I glie content still, and get none againe.
None did I say ? I'le call that word agen,
I meete with some that pay me now, and then,
But such a toyle I haue those men to seeke,
And finde (perhaps) 2, 2, or 4, a weeke,
That too too oft, my losings gettings be,
To spend 5. crownes in gathering in of three.
And thus much to the world I dare auow,
That my oft walkes to get my mony now,
With my expences, seeking of the same,
Returning many a night home, tir'd and lame,
Meeting some thil ky, forty in a day,
That sees me, knowes me, owes me, yet none pay.
Vsd and abus'd thus, both in towne and Court,
It makes me thinke my Scottish walke a sport :
I muse of what stuffe these men framed be,

C

Most.

A Kicksey Winsey:

Most of them seeme Mockadowne unto me :
Some are Stand-further off, for they endear me,
Neuer to see me or to pay me neuer.
When first I saw them, they appeared Rash,
And now their promises are worse then trash ;
No Taffaty more changeable then they,
In nothing constant, but no debts to pay.
And therefore let them take it as they will,
I'le canuase them a little with my quill.
To all the world I humbly do appeale,
And let it iudge, if well these men doe deale,
Or whether for their basenesse, 'twere not fitter,
That I should vse more gall, and write more bitter ?
I wrot this booke before but for this end,
To waraen them, and their faults to reprehend ;
But if this warning will not serue the turne,
I sweare by sweete Satyrick Nash his vrne,
On euery pissing post, their names I'le place,
Whilst they past shame, shall shame to shew their
I'le hale fell Nemesis, from Dis his den, (face,
To syde and guide my sharpe reuenging pen ;
That fifty Popes Buls neuer shall roare lowder,

Nor

A Kicksey Winesey:

Not fourscore Cannons whē mē fire their powder.
And sure, my wronged muse, could lines indite,
So full of horror, terror, and affright,
That they (like Caine) confessing their estates,
But little better then base Reprobates ;
And hang themselves in their despairing moods,
But that I'le not be guilty of their bloods.
No, let such fellowes know, that Time shall try
My mercie's greater then their honesty :
Nor shall my verse affoord them no such fauour,
To make them sauē the hangman so much labouur,
They are contented still to patch and palter,
And I (with patience) wish them each a halter,
They are well pleas'd to be perfidious fellowes,
And my revenge bequeathes them to the gallowes ;
For I would haue them this much understand,
Words are but wind, tis money that buyes land :
Words buyes no food, or clothes, to giue content,
Bare words will never pay my Landlord rent.
And those that can pay Coyne, and payes but words,
My minde, a mischiefe to them all affords,
I conns them like old shooes, past all mens matchding,

A Kicksey Winsey:

And therefore may the Gallows be their ending :
If some of them would but ten houres spare
From drinking, drabbing, and superfluous fare,
From smoaking English fire, and heathen smike,
The most of them might well pay me my chinke.
There's no wound deeper then a pen can giue,
It makes men liuing dead, and dead men liue ;
It can raise honour drowned in the sea,
And blaze it forth in glory, Cap.a.pea.
Why it can scale the battlements of Heauen,
And stellifie men 'mongst the Planets seauen :
It can make mizers, peasants, knaues and fooles
The scorn of goodnessse, and the diuels close stooles.
Forgot had bin the thrice threeworthies names,
If thrice three *Muses*, had not writ their fames :
And if it not with flatt'ry be infected,
Good is by it extold, and bad corrected.
Let Judgment iudge them, what mad men are those
That dare against a pen themselues oppose,
Which (when it likes) can turne the all to loathing
To any thing, to nothing, worse then nothing.
Yet e're I went, these men to write did like,

And

A Kicksey Winsey:

And vs'd a pen more nimblly then a pike ;
And writ their names (as I suppos'd) more willing,
Then valiant souldiers with their Pikes are drilling.
But this experience, by those men I finde,
Their words are like their payment, all but windes,
But what wind'tis, is quickly understood,
It is an euill winde, blowes no man good :
Or else they make it to the World appeare,
That writing is good cheape, and paying deare.
No paper bill of mine had edge vpon it,
Till they their hands and names had written on it ;
And if their iudgements be not ouer-foene,
They would not feare, the edge is not so keene.
Some thousands, and some hundreds by the yeare
Are worth, yet they their peece or halfe peece feare,
They on their owne bils are afraid to enter,
And I vpon their peeces dare to venter :
But who so at the bill hath better skill,
Giue me the peece, and let him take the bill.
I haue met some that odiously haue lied,
Who to deceiue me, haue their names denied ;
And yet they haue good honest Christian names,

A Kicksey Winsey:

As Ioshua, Richard, Robert, John and James :
To cheate me with base Inhumanity,
They haue denide their Christianity,
A halfe piece, or a Crowne, or such a summe,
Hath forc'd them falsifie their Christendom :
Denying good, ill names with them agree,
And they that haue ill names halfe hanged be,
And sure I thinke my losse would be but small,
If for a quittance they were hang'd vp all.
Of such I am past hope, and they past grace,
And hope and grace both past's, a wretched case.
It may be that for my offences past,
God hath vpon me this disturbance cast :
If it be so, I thanke his Name therefore,
Confessing I deserue ten times much more;
But as the Diuell is author of all ill,
So ill for ill, on th'ill, he worketh still ;
Himselfe, his seruants, dayly lye and lurk
Mans cares on earth, or paines in hell to work.
See how the case then with my debtors stands,
They take the diuels office out on's hands ;
Tormenting me on earth, for passed culs,

And

SCENE PICTURE

Or a Lerry Come-Twang.

And for the diuell, doth vex me worse then diuels.
In troth 'tis pitty, proper men they seeme,
And those that know them not, would nuer deeeme
That one of them would basely seeme to meddle,
To be the diuels hangman or his beadle.
For shame, for honesty, for both, for either,
For my deserts desertlesse, or for neither
Discharge your selues frō me, you know wherfore,
And never serne, or helpe the Diuell more.
I haue heard some that Lawyers do condemn,
But I still trust, and will speake well of them ;
Though neuer in my life, they had of me
Clarkes, Counsellors, or yet Attorneys fee,
Yet at my backe returne, they all concurr'd
And payd me what was due, and ne're demurr'd.
Some Counter-sericants, when I came agen,
(Against their nature) dealt like honest men.
By wondrous accident perchance one may
Grope out a needle in a loade of hay :
And though a white crow be exceeding rare,
A blind man may (by fortune) catch a Hare,
So may a sericant haue some honest tricks

A Kicksey Winsey:

If too much knavery doth not ouer-mix,
Newgate (the Vniuersity of stealing)
Did deale with me with vpright honest dealing.
My debtors all (for ought that I can see)
Will still remaine true debtors vnto me;
For if to paying once they should incline,
They would not then be debtors long of mine.
But this report I feare, they still will haue,
To be true debtors euен to their graue.
I know there's many worthy projectes done,
The which more credit, and more coyne hath won,
And 'tis a shame for those (I dare maintaine)
That breake their words, & not requite their paine:
I speake to such, if any such there be,
If there be none, would there were none for me.
But M^r. Barnard Caluard, too well knowes,
The fruites of windy promise and faire shomes,
With great expence, and perill, and much paine
He rode by land, and crost the raging Maine
In fifteene houres, he did ride and goe,
From Southwarke neere to Callice, too and free.
When he to his cost, and detriment,

Shewed

or a Lerry Come-Twang.

Shewed vs a memorable president,
In finding out a speedy worthy way,
For newes twixt France and London in one day;
And yet this well deserving Gentleman,
Is cheated of his Coyne, do what he can,
From him they could both goods and money take,
But to him they le no satisfaction make,
Their promises were faine, or ten for one,
And their performances are few, or none.
Therefore it is some comfort unto me,
When such a man of ranke, and note, as he,
In stead of Coyne is payd with promises,
My being cheated grieues me much the lesse:
Of worthy Gentlemen, I could name more,
That haue past dangers both on seas and shore,
And on good hopes did venture out their gold,
To somwhat will no faith, or promise hold,
But basely do detaine, and keepe backe all
Th' expected profit, and the principall:
Yet this one comfort may expell our croffe,
Though we endure, time, coyne, and labors losse:
Yet their abuse doth make our fame more great,
'Tis better to be cheated, then to cheate. But

A Kicksey Winsey:

Except the poore, the proud, the base, the Gallant.
Thole that are dead, or fled, or out of Towne :
Such as I know not, nor to them am knowne,
Those that will pay, of which there's some small nū.
And those that smile to put me to this cūber, (ber,
In all they are eight hundred, and some od,
But when they'le pay me's onely knowne to God.
Some crowns, some pouds, soe nobles, some a roial;
Some good, some naught, some worse, most bad in
I, like a boy, that shooting with a bow, (triall.
Hath lost his shaft where weedes and bushes grow;
Who hauing search'd, and rak'd, and scrap'd, & tolt
To finde his arrow that he late hath lost :
At last a crotchet comes into his braine,
To stand at his first shooting place againe ;
Then shoothes, and lets another arrow flie
Neare as he thinkes his other shaft may lie :
Thus ventring, he perhaps findes both or one,
The worst is, if he lose both, he findes none.
So I that haue of bookeſ ſo many giuen,
To this compared Exigent am driuen :
To ſhoote this Pamphlet, and to eafe my minde,

To

Or a Lerry Come Twang.

To lose more yet, or something lost to finde.
As many brooks, foords, showers of rain, & springs,
Vnto the *Thames* their often tribute brings,
These subiects paying, not their stocks decrease:
Yet by those payments, *Thames* doth still increase:
So I that haue of debtors such a swarne,
Good they might do me, and themselves no harme
Inuestigating lines, or words, I write nor say
To none but those that can, and will not pay:
And who so payes with good, or with ill will,
Is freed from out the compasse of my quill.
They must not take me for a Stupid asse,
That I (vndeeling) will let these things passe.
If they beare minds to wrong me, let them know
I haue a tongue and pen, my wrongs to shew;
And be he ne're so briske, or neate, or trim,
That bids a pistle for me, a rush for him;
To me the're rotten trees, with beauteous thinds
Fayre formed caskets of deformed minds,
Or like dispersed flocks of scattered sheepe,
That will no pasture, or decorum keepe:
Some wildly skipping into vndeowne grounds,

Stray

er a Lerrie Come-Twang.

Stray into forraine and forbidden bounds; (got
Where some throgħ wāt, some throgħ excesse haue
The scab, the worme, the murraine, or the rot.
But whilst they wander guidelesse, vncontrolde,
I'le do my best to bring them to my folde;
And seeing sheepefold hurdles here are scant,
I am inforced to supply that want
With rayling; and therefore mine owne to win,
Like rotten forlorne sheepe, I'le rayle them in.

In defence of Adventurers vpon Returns.

Forasmuch as there are many, who either out
of pride, malice, or ignorance, do speake
harshly, and hardly of me and of diuers o-
thers, who haue attempted and gone dange-
rous voyages by sea with small Wherries or Boats,
or any other aduenture vpon any voyage by land,
either Riding, Going, or Running, alleadging that
we do tempt God by vndertaking such perrilous
courses

or a Lerry Come Twang.

courses, (which indeede I cannot deny to bee true) yet not to extenuate or make my faults lesse then they are : I will heare approove that all men in the world are Aduenturers vpon Returne, and that wee do all generally tempt the patience and long sufferring of God, as I will make it appeare as followeth.

Whosoever is an Idolater , a superstitious Hereticke, an odious and frequent sweare, or lyer, a griping vsurer, or vncharitable extortioner, doth tempt God, aduenture their soules, and vpon returne lose Heauen:

Whosoever is a whore-maister, doth aduenture his health, and wealth, and his returnes are euilesse misery, beggery, and the pox.

Whosoever doth contrive, plot, or commit treason, doth aduenture his soule to the diuell, and his body to the Hang-man.

Whosoever do marry a young and beautifull mayd, doth aduenture a great hazard for a blessing or a curse.

Whosoever goes a long iourney, and leauet his faire wife at home, doth most dangerously aduenture

A Kicksey Wlnsey:

ture for hornes, if she be not the honeste.

Hee that sets his hand to a bond , or passes his word for another mans debt , doth *Aduenture* a great hazard to pay both principall and interest.
Probatum est.

That Pastor who is either negligent or vncharitable in his function, doth *Aduenture* more then he will ever recover.

A Merchant doth *Aduenture* shipp, and goods amongst flats , shoales, deepes, Pirates , shelues, rockes, gouts, stormes , flawes , tempests , mists, fogges, winds, seas, heates, colds, and calmes, and all for hope of profit, which often failes.

That Trades-man that dayly trusts more ware then hee receiuies money for , doth *Aduenture* for *Ludgate*, a breaking, or a cracking of his credit.

Hee or shee who are proud either of beauty, riches, wit, learning, strength , or any thing which is transitory, and may be lost, either by fire, water, sickness, death, or any other casualty, doe *Aduenture* to be accounted yaine-glorious, and ridiculous Coxcombs.

He

or a Lerry Come-Twang.

He that puts confidence in Drabs, Dice, Cards, Bals, Bowles, or any game lawfull or vnlawfull doth aduenture to be laught at for a feole, or dye a begger vnpityed.

Hee that eates, and drinkest till midnight, and fightes, and brawles till day-light, doth *Adventure* for litle rest that night.

To conclude, I could name and produce abundance more of Aduenturers, but as concerning aduenturing any more dangerous voyages to sea, with Wherries, or any extraordinary meanes, I haue done my last, onely my frailety will now and then prouoke me to aduenture vpon some of those infirmities or vices, which attend on our mortallities, which I thinke I shall bee free from committing, before my Debtors haue payd me all my money.

F I N I S.